

you have a perfect body

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you have a perfect body

by [microbiologistmusings](#)

Summary

Jack's weight yo-yos after his amputation.

Early in their relationship, Robby shows him just how much he adores that.

Every form of Jack is a form he gets to love.

Notes

Enjoy! 😊

The song is "Ugly" by Nicole Dollanganger.

*“You said you're ashamed of your body
You'd rather die than show me
But I would love you in any
Form you take.*

*You said that they say you're disgusting
That they told you, you were fat and unworthy
Well, my love I hope you trust me
When I say you have a perfect body...”*

Jack doesn't like looking in mirrors these days.

It's not because of the amputation — he's made peace with that years ago, somewhere in the charred remains of his last forward operating base and the hollow ring of a morphine drip and the grim clarity of survival. He's never minded the bluntness of it, the way his carbon-fiber prosthetic gleams against the utilitarian beige of his socket, a no-nonsense anchor for a man built to move.

It's the softness that bothers him now.

It's the slow, creeping pressure at the waist of his scrubs, the way his shirt hems roll up over his belly when he lifts his arms, the squish and compression of his body in places he used to take for granted as muscle. It's the fact that his socket doesn't quite fit anymore, not since the revision surgery six months ago. Not since the gain — *ten, fifteen pounds?* He's not sure. He hasn't checked. He doesn't need to. The prosthetist had said it gently, clinically, like it wasn't a big deal: “We may need to refit once the residual limb stabilizes. Soft tissue composition fluctuates post-op.”

But Jack hears: *You're bigger. You don't fit.*

It chafes, literally. The distal end of his stump grinds against the hard plastic cup, the suction seal pops off halfway through his morning rounds, and his gait — *never graceful, but once efficient* — has deteriorated into a stiff-legged limp he overcorrects for with his shoulders. His back aches. His patience frays.

He doesn't want to go back to the wheelchair. He can't. Not now. Not when things are... going so well. Not when Robby — *the most beautiful*

and irritating man he's ever met — has started waking up in his bed. Robby's tall and lean and warm; when Robby kisses him, it's like being seen in a new way so intimate that it makes Jack's skin flush from the inside out, a fever he doesn't want to treat. Which only makes it worse, because what kind of man gets kissed like that — *and goes back to the damn wheelchair?*

It gets worse when he tries to run again.

He's not going far, just a half a mile loop around the hospital's parking lot. Jack loads himself into his socket with his old sweat-stained liner, the one that's got a little more give, and double socks to pad the distal end. He cinches his shorts so tight they pinch his love handle — *God, even the term makes him wince* — and laces up his sneakers like it'll keep him from knowing that the fit's wrong.

The first twenty yards are okay. The next forty are pain. He doesn't stop until his whole stump feels like it's been dipped in boiling water.

Later, he peels the liner off and stares at the wound — the open sore at the very tip of his residual limb, purple-rimmed and leaking just a little, like his body's trying to remind him what happens when he ignores the basics. Load distribution. Tissue integrity. Respect the skin. He knows better. He's supposed to know better. He curses, throws the liner across the PTMC locker room, and takes a picture to send to his prosthetist, an old Army buddy, who responds with a sympathetic, "No leg for at least a week. Maybe two."

Robby is going to see him weak, and that's just something he cannot abide.

But Jack can't hide forever, and Robby comes looking when he doesn't show up to pre-round. They've only been dating for five weeks but somehow Robby already knows where to find him — in the supply room, tucked between bins of saline dressings and silver alginate, his stump wrapped in a sad gauze attempt at dignity.

"Jack." Robby's voice is a low thread of worry, those earnest brown eyes looking him up and down. "What happened?"

"Nothing. I just overdid it." Jack doesn't look up. He doesn't want to see the look on Robby's face. Pity would break him. *Pity would kill him.*

"You're not in your leg." Robby's kneeling down before he's finished the sentence, his hand brushing gently against Jack's knee. "You okay?"

Jack swallows. His throat's dry. "Got a distal sore. Stupid mistake."

Robby's eyes flick up to firmly meet his. They're so goddamn soft, and it makes Jack's chest tighten. *He can't take this. He can't take being seen right now.*

"Hey," Robby says quietly. "Talk to me, Jack. Is this why you've been weird since your surgery?"

"Weird how?" Jack's voice comes out too sharp, too quick.

"Distant. Avoidant. You're trying to ignore me while I'm *inside you*." Robby says it plainly, without teasing, just with the kind of unflinching honesty that's always made Jack feel naked.

"I didn't want you to see me like this." Jack gestures vaguely at the chair, the stump, the too-tight shirt rolling up over his belly.

Robby's eyebrows draw together. "Like what?"

"Open your eyes, Rob," Jack mutters. "The fatass who can't even run on his fucking leg."

There's a beat of silence. Jack can hear his heart thudding in his ears. He's said too much. He's been too honest. He's— Robby leans in and *kisses his forehead*, presses his lips to the freckled skin there, right at the edge of Jack's hairline. Then pulls back and says, very quietly: "I love you like this."

Jack blinks, nonplussed. "You don't have to say that."

"I'm not saying it because I have to. I'm saying it because it's true." Robby settles onto the floor, long legs folding up beneath him, shoulder to shoulder with Jack's bulk. "I love your mouth, the way you explain things to me like everything is absolutely vital, like you're giving me a lecture in a war zone. I love your brain. I love your laugh. And yes, Jack, I love this belly." He presses a warm hand to Jack's middle. "And your stump that works harder than most people's legs ever do."

Jack tries to snort, but it comes out broken. His voice wavers. "You're so full of shit."

"Maybe. But I wish you'd let me love you like this."

Jack closes his eyes. "We've got work to do, Robinavitch. *Fuck off.*"

Jack's just finished toweling off when he hears the unmistakable click-clunk of the brakes on his wheelchair being slammed into place.

He's halfway through adjusting the clean boxers over his hip spillage when he turns and sees Robby standing in the doorway of his bathroom, backlit by the lamp glow from his bedroom, eyes dark and sharp with purpose. He's barefoot, shirtless and his thick black curls are damp from the steam in the room, clinging to his temples. There's this expression on his face too, like he's gearing up for an argument or a declaration — the kind of look Jack's seen him use on attendings who push too hard and patients who want to give up.

But now it's directed at him, at Jack in boxers that don't fit.

Jack's hands go instinctively to his belly — *not even thinking* — just reacting, shielding the soft curve with both forearms, elbows tight. His prosthesis is still in the bedroom where he left it, and his stump is red and raw and dressed in clean gauze. It hurts like a bitch. His scar is angry, raised, still healing. He's not what anyone should want to look at.

He says, hoarsely, "Robby, what the hell?"

But Robby doesn't answer. He steps forward and crouches, plants both hands on either side of the chair — one on each wheel and push-rim — and leans in, just enough to crowd Jack back into the seat. He doesn't touch him, not yet, he just looks. His eyes rake from Jack's freckled chest down to his soft belly, down to the swell of his thighs and the thick cotton line of his boxers hidden beneath his gut and the bulge of gauze at the end of his leg.

"Stop covering yourself," Robby whines, like Jack's doing some kind of crime by trying to be modest.

Jack swallows. "Mikey, *don't*."

"No." Robby lifts a hand. He peels Jack's arms away, fingers slipping beneath his forearms and guiding them down to his sides. There's no force in it, just insistence. Jack's breath stutters in his chest. "Don't hide from me," Robby begs, eyes tracing the line of Jack's belly like he's starving. "Not when you're so fucking hot."

Jack's face burns. His heart is hammering. He knows his body is different — hell, it's always been different — stocky and wide and thick in the torso, never quite V-shaped, never sleek or elegant, and now, softer still. Stretch marks tear across his sides and gut. A gut that flops out even when he sits up straight.

"Shut up, I know what I look like," Jack snarls.

Robby leans forward. His voice drops, warm and fierce. "Yeah? Well, you're the most beautiful thing I've ever seen."

Jack freezes.

Robby says it like a fact. He says it while looking directly at the worst part of Jack that no one has ever admired out loud — Jack, who has survived war and loss and bone-deep grief, but still can't quite stand to look at his reflection when he's undressed. Robby reaches out, palm flat and reverent, and places it right on Jack's belly. Not cupping, not grabbing, just resting, like it belongs there. Jack can't speak. He feels his throat tightening with something hot and awful and good. Robby smiles, not smug, not victorious — just tender. "You know why I slammed your brakes?"

Jack blinks at him.

"So you wouldn't roll away from me." Robby leans in, presses a kiss just above Jack's navel. Then another, lower, to the crease at his hip, then to his love handle. "You always try to roll away when you're about to feel something real."

Jack's voice cracks. "I'm *not*—"

"You *are*." Robby sucks a hickey into the underside of Jack's gut. It makes him gasp and squirm. "You think your body is a burden, something to fix. Yankl, I think it's the sexiest fucking thing I've ever touched." Jack's teeth catch on his bottom lip, whining. "You think I'm settling," Robby continues, now kissing down the side of Jack's belly, interspersing hickies as he goes, his voice ragged and thick, "When really I'm kneeling in front of the most resilient, complicated, brilliant man I've ever known, and I get to watch him sit there, drenched in steam, half naked, looking like he just stepped out of my fever dream—"

"Jesus, fuck," Jack rasps, already hard.

"—and if you try to tell me again that this version of you isn't lovable

again,” Robby finishes, dragging his lips back to Jack’s navel, chomping down and catching the edge like a belly button ring, “I won’t be so nice.”

Jack doesn’t roll away. He doesn’t cover up. He just closes his eyes and lets Robby have him.

Jack’s breath is already coming fast by the time he shoves the liner down for the third time, trying to work the soft tissue of his stump into the rigid shell of his prosthetic socket.

It’s not going in. No amount of yanking, shimmying, twisting, sock layering, unlayering, praying, or rage is going to make his limb cooperate with this fit. It’s just — *too much, he’s too much*. Too swollen, too soft, too changed from two weeks of sitting in the goddamn wheelchair, letting atrophy settle like dust over everything he used to control. The liner sticks halfway, rolling down under the pressure. The suction valve squeals as it disconnects for the tenth time. The whole prosthesis tips to the side as he tries to force it, wrenching his hips in a desperate angle, and then finally — **crack**. The seal breaks again.

He lets out a *roar*.

It’s raw and wordless, the kind of sound that tears up from his belly, pure frustration and grief and helpless rage. Jack throws his leg across the room. It hits the closet door with a sickening, hollow thunk and slides to the floor. He tears the liner off his stump. “Fucking *useless!*”

He’s not crying. He’s not. He just can’t breathe. Can’t think. His hands are shaking as he tries to strip off the rest of the liner, the stump red and angry and still healing beneath it, and all he can hear in his own mind is: *You’re too fat for your leg. You did this. You let yourself get soft. Robby is never gonna want to touch you now.*

“Jack.”

Robby’s voice comes from behind him — soft, urgent. The bedroom door creaks open, and Jack nearly yells at him to leave, to just not see him like this, but Robby’s already crossing the room. Jack’s sitting on the edge of his bed in just gym shorts, his body hunched over, the

white flash of gauze at the end of his leg pulsing with heat. His face is red. So is his chest. His breath hitches, too loud in the quiet. "I can't fit into it," He chokes out. "I'm too fucking fat for my own goddamn leg." Then everything hits him at once — the fury, the shame, the deep aching betrayal of a body that used to be sharp and efficient and lean, a soldier's body, a doctor's body, a body he knew — and now it's just this.

Before he can fall all the way into that sickening spiral, he feels hands slide under his thighs and then he's lifted. Jack startles — genuinely surprised — as Robby scoops him up off the bed like it's the most obvious thing in the world. He's not light, not even close. Jack's broad and thick and solid, especially now, but Robby's whole body tightens, balances, sits and settles him into his lap like he belongs there, like it's not even a question.

Jack tries to push away, muttering, "Don't, Robby, don't touch me, I'm *gross*."

But Robby just tightens his arms around him, holding him around the ass with a firm, grounded grip. His voice comes quiet, steady, and stubborn. "Then we fit you for a new fucking socket."

Jack freezes.

Robby presses his forehead to Jack's temple, breath warm and heady in the crook of his neck. "You think I'm gonna let you sit here and hate yourself because your body did what bodies do? You healed, and rested, and gained some weight while getting your strength back? Oh no, what a nightmare."

Jack doesn't answer. He *can't*.

"Of course your socket doesn't fit," Robby coos into his collarbone. "You've changed. Your body's different now. It's allowed to be."

Jack's throat clicks. "It's supposed to work. I'm supposed to get up."

"You will," Robby stresses. "In a socket that fits. Not in one that tears you up. Not because you bullied your body into shrinking. Not because you shamed yourself into an arbitrary number."

Jack lets out a breath that shakes all the way down to his stomach. His fists curl against Robby's chest. "I used to be—" He starts, but Robby cuts him off.

“You still are.” Robby’s hand cups the side of Jack’s face, thumb tracing the line of his cheek. “You are still that man and this body — right now, in this moment — is the one I love. Not the one you think you have to get back to.”

Jack’s eyes fill before he can stop them. He drops his forehead to Robby’s shoulder, fists pressed tight to his chest, breath ragged. Robby just holds him, rocking slightly. Letting the weight of Jack settle on him, heavy and his, like he plans to carry it for as long as Jack will let him.

“I can’t believe you picked me up,” Jack mumbles eventually, voice cracking.

Robby snorts gently against his ear. “I’ll pick you up a hundred times, Abbot. Doesn’t matter what you weigh.”

Jack goes boneless against him — the fight draining out in one long, ragged breath. His shoulders sag, his head falls forward, and he ends up slumped against Robby’s chest like a man who’s finally stopped pretending that he isn’t exhausted all the way down to his bone marrow. He turns his face in against Robby’s neck, skin hot and damp, breath catching in short, uneven pulls. His fingers clutch at the fabric of Robby’s tee, twisting it in hard little knots until his knuckles go white. When he finally speaks, the words scrape out of him like gravel: “I’m so sorry, Mikey.” It’s barely more than a whisper, muffled against skin. He breathes in the smell of soap and coffee and Robby’s shampoo and hates himself for how much comfort it gives him. “I wish you could’ve had the better version of me.”

Robby doesn’t move for a moment. He just lets the words hang there, lets Jack’s body tremble against his. Then, slowly, he shifts, adjusting his hold until Jack’s practically wrapped in him: one arm around his shoulders, one hand cupped over the back of his head, fingers carding through the short, still-damp curls. Robby’s voice comes low and steady, right against Jack’s ear. “Hey, look at me.” Jack doesn’t. He shakes his head once, hard. Robby tightens his hold a little, not enough to force, just enough to ground. “That ‘better version’ you’re talking about? I don’t know him, I only know the man in my arms, *the one I fucking adore.*”

Jack huffs a wet, broken sound, half laugh, half sob. Robby keeps going, voice soft but sure. “This is the man I want.” Jack’s hand comes up automatically to swipe at his face, but Robby catches it mid-movement, lacing their fingers together and pressing them back

against his own chest, right over his heartbeat. “You hear that?” Robby mumbles into his forehead. “That’s me loving this you.”

Jack exhales shakily against his neck, all the tension leaving him in slow waves until he’s just heavy and quiet in Robby’s arms. He burrows in closer, his breath warm against Robby’s throat, and Robby keeps one hand moving in slow circles along his back, steady, patient. The prosthetic can wait.

The fittings and refits and progress notes can all wait.

It starts with the tub of stretch mark cream Robby brings home one night after a long shift — Jack had been venting that morning, pulling irritably at the waistband of his boxers as he looked at the bright pink and red lightning streaks spidering across his lower belly in the mirror, like they’d personally offended him. They were itchy and gross and deep enough to look purple in some spots. They made him feel like a teenager, except one growing sideways instead of up.

“You didn’t have to buy that,” Jack mutters when he sees it on the nightstand, unopened.

Robby shrugs. “I wanted to.”

Jack narrows his eyes. “What? You gonna start oiling me up like a show pony now?”

Robby just grins. “Only if you *neigh*.”

Jack glares. Robby grins.

Jack flips him off and that should be the end of it.

It’s not.

Later, after his shower, after he’s towel-dried and stripped to just his boxers again, raw in the usual places and tired in that deep, cellular way — Jack plops down on the bed and starts going through the motions of his new evening routine. He’s gotten used to it. The stump dressing. The lidocaine gel. The slow, methodical clean-and-wrap. He doesn’t ask for help. He never has. Which is why he’s stunned when Robby sits down beside him, opens the tub, dips two fingers in, and

says, simply: “Let me, baby.”

Jack’s eyebrows go up. “You don’t have to—”

“I know I don’t,” Robby interrupts, warm and calm. “Let me anyway.”

Jack hesitates. He wants to crack a joke, wants to deflect, redirect, shut this whole tenderness thing down before it reaches the fleshy parts of him — the ones he keeps under armor, sarcasm and skill. But Robby’s looking at him with that quiet determination again, the kind that makes attendings backtrack and families cry and Jack fall so hard he doesn’t even remember what it was like to stand upright.

So Jack nods despite himself and Robby moves in.

The cream’s cool at first. Jack flinches, instinctive, but Robby’s palm follows — broad and warm and sure — and starts working it in with careful, slow circles over Jack’s lower belly, over the soft curve of his love handles, over the ridges of scar tissue just above his waistband line. Jack watches his own body under Robby’s hands like it doesn’t belong to him, like it’s someone else’s — this thick, pudgy, marked-up thing. But Robby’s touch never hesitates. He doesn’t wince. He doesn’t flinch. He just touches, like it’s a privilege, like his gut’s something beautiful.

“You know you don’t have to do this,” Jack mumbles again, quieter now.

“I want to do this,” Robby croons, not looking up. “I want to know every inch of you, even the ones you think I won’t like.”

Jack swallows. His voice breaks a little. “You’re so *weird*.”

Robby finally looks up, eyes soft, gentle. “We’re doctors, Jack. I’ve seen worse than a couple stretch marks. I’ve smelled worse than your sweaty stump.”

Jack snorts, half-horrified, half-laughing. “Fuck.”

“But seriously.” Robby’s tone drops. “Yankl, it’s your *body*. There’s nothing weird about me loving every inch of your body. It’s yours.” Jack doesn’t say anything, just lets his eyes drift shut as Robby works lower, gentler now, thumb sweeping along the top of his thigh now. When Robby reaches for the dressing kit for his stump, Jack opens his eyes again — more reluctant this time.

“You don’t have to touch that part, Robs.”

“I know.” Robby’s already gloving up, not with a grimace but with the kind of clinical ease that Jack has always found reassuring despite himself. “Let me do it right. I read the notes from your ortho and prosthetist. I know how to clean it properly.”

Jack blinks. “You read the notes?”

“You think I’m not going to check your chart?”

“You’re unbelievable.”

“You’re stalling.” Robby gives him a look. “Come on. *Lie back.*”

So Jack does and Robby unwraps the wound dressing with the kind of care that feels — *intimate*. It’s not just the competent movements of someone trained to handle wounds, but the rapt attention of someone who loves the person underneath it. He peels the gauze away from the healing stump, pausing at the spots where the scab’s still tacky. He doesn’t flinch at the jagged revised surgical line. He doesn’t wince at the discoloration. He doesn’t blink at the thickening skin at the distal end or the spots where Jack’s been compensating too hard on the lateral side. He just looks and then he touches. He applies the medicated ointment in slow, purposeful passes, following the shape of Jack’s body like he’s mapping the topography with his hands.

Jack doesn’t know what to do with the heat crawling up his neck. He stares at the ceiling. “I didn’t think anyone would ever want to touch me again, not like *this*.”

Robby answers without hesitation. “I want to touch *every part of you*, baby.”

Jack breaks, just a little. Something loosens in his chest, a knot of shame and silence that’s been bound for years. His fingers twitch, reaching, and Robby meets him halfway, squeezing his hand without a word. The rest of the dressing goes on in silence, precise and loving. When Robby’s done, he climbs up beside him, tugs the blanket over them both, and curls in close.

Jack leans into him like it’s the softest place he’s ever known and when Robby scoots down to press a kiss to the center of his stretch-marked belly, Jack doesn’t flinch. He lets it happen, even as he tears up.

Robby corners him in the kitchen one slow Sunday morning — the kind of morning where Jack's still in loose pajama pants and a shirt that clings to the soft curve of his middle, and his coffee hasn't even finished dripping yet. Jack's halfway through muttering something under his breath about being *"too fat for this shirt"* tugging it down yet again, when Robby's fork clatters down onto the counter. "Okay," Robby snaps, visibly pissed. "Time out."

Jack looks up, startled. "Who pissed in your Cheerios?"

Robby crosses his arms. He's still in his boxers and one of Jack's old Army tees, fluffy black curls sticking out in all directions. "You don't get to use *fat* like it's a *slur* and definitely not when you're talking about yourself."

Jack blinks, then rolls his eyes. "Robs, I was just—"

"Yeah, I know what you were just doing." Robby steps closer, eyes bright with the kind of stubbornness that always makes Jack's stomach drop. "You were tearing down my boyfriend and I really, really don't like it when anyone does that. Including you." Jack opens his mouth to argue — *because he can say whatever he wants about his own lard ass* — but Robby keeps going, voice softer now, but no less sure. "You've got to stop covering up every time I walk into a room, too. I mean it, Jack. You do it like it's instinct — you pull your shirt down or grab a towel like I haven't seen your body a hundred times from every angle. You act like I'm gonna look at you and suddenly change my mind."

Jack's ears go pink. He looks down at the counter, jaw tightening. "It's not about you, asshole."

"I know it's not," Robby sighs. "But it is hurting you and, yeah, it hurts me too. I want to see you. I like seeing you." He steps right up into Jack's space, until there's only a breath between them. "Did it ever occur to you that maybe I want to look at *my hot boyfriend* without you hiding behind a damn shirt?"

Jack huffs out a short, embarrassed laugh, but his voice cracks halfway through. "You really think that's what this is?" He slaps a hand to his belly and jiggles it. "Hot?"

Robby's eyes don't waver. "Yes, Jack, *I think your belly is hot*. I think your shoulders are hot. I think the way your body looks when you stretch in the morning is fucking criminal. I think the way you fill out your scrubs makes me forget my own name sometimes. So yes, I'd like the courtesy of actually seeing you once in a while, instead of watching you sprint for coverage like I'm a grenade, *Captain*."

Jack swallows hard. His hands twitch toward the hem of his bunched up shirt, a reflex he doesn't even notice until Robby catches them. "Uh-uh," Robby murmurs, fingers curling around Jack's wrists. "Leave it."

Jack's heartbeat is pounding, loud enough that he can feel it in his throat. Robby lets go of his wrists only to slide his palms up under the shirt, warm hands spreading over Jack's sides, over the soft skin and the stretch marks, holding all of him. "See?" Robby mouths at his neck. "Nothing in the world is wrong with this. You've been acting like I'm gonna run, when all I want to do is—" He *kisses* him, slow and deep, one hand splayed across the belly Jack's spent months trying to hide from him.

When he pulls back, he's smiling. "Let me see you, yeah?"

Jack doesn't say anything at first. He just nods, a small, rough sound catching in his throat, and lets Robby tug the shirt up and off. The air hits his skin — cool, strange — and Robby looks at him like he's seeing something sacred. "G-d," Robby groans. "You're *killing* me."

Jack manages a weak grin. "*Suffer*."

"I *am*," Robby says, resting his forehead against Jack's. "But I want to suffer forever."

Jack snorts, the sound caught between laughter and disbelief. But he doesn't reach for the shirt again and Robby just stands there with him, hands resting easy at his belly, eyes steady — letting the moment stretch, letting Jack feel what it's like to be looked at and wanted, *exactly as he is*.

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